

# FUGITIVE POPE

Vol. 1, No. 1

nothing or one dollar

July 29, 1990



**FUGITIVE POPE's "Man of the Year"**

Lord Lovat, last man to be beheaded in England (4/9/1747)

No illusions here about the brilliance of this project. I guess my goal is for this zine to naturally evolve into SOMETHING. Until then I'll just rummage amid the detritus of the information age and poke around online library catalogs (e.g., "Give me all books with the word FUCK in the title"). My true market is probably 13 year old white males snickering over the contents of **FUGITIVE POPE** while hiding in the garage (those guys only exist in Ray Bradbury short stories).

Feel free to be offended by the contents. I don't mind at all.

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The contents of **FUGITIVE POPE** are not meant for minors, people with Down's syndrome, Jesse Helms, or anyone else with impaired mental faculties (it's also not meant for my Mom - Hey, MOM! If you read this I'm just kidding.)

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Of course this is copyrighted. I've got two in-laws who are big-time hoity-toity Washington, DC lawyers who get bored sometimes, so **DON'T COPY THIS SHIT ILLEGALLY OR I'LL PUT'EM ON YOUR SCRAWNY BUTTS IN A HEART BEAT!!!** Thank you. Just write and ask for permission.

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Price is \$1.00 per sporadic issue (no checks; virgin stamps accepted). Also, send me your zine and I'll send you mine. Send submissions and all correspondence to:

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"The universe is a big place ... perhaps the biggest."

- Kilgore Trout (Patron Saint of the **Fugitive Pope**)

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### POETRY: ANDREI CODRESCU

"Poetry...is the loveliest of arts because all you need for it is your wrist, a razor blade and a wall." Born in Sibiu, Romania on December 20, 1946, the author of **Raised by Puppets, Only to Be Killed by Research** (from whence the above quote was culled, p. 64), Codrescu's cheerfully amoral commentaries are a fixture on National Public Radio (for those of you new to Lost Angel City, see KCRW FM, 89.9 on your yuppy-esque dials). The maestro's unskewed analysis of life on the planet, and existence in los Estados Unidos in particular, seems to be related to his first 20 years as a Romanian citizen. Most bio blurbs simply state that he "moved" to the Uniteds in 1966. During the days of the recent Romanian revolution, Codrescu's glib radio commentary masque dropped momentarily to reveal an almost speechless human, truly amazed when confronted with the reality that anything is really possible. The Berlin wall? On sale at your local MayCo? Absurdity has not been a literary convention but a fact of our existence for quite some time now. Codrescu is exquisitely apt at encapsulating the real absurdity (and that is not necessarily a negative thing) within our lives. In his honor I am going to go to **Toy's "R" Us** this weekend and find as many children's toys as I can with toilets in them.

From his poem, **dream dogs** (**License to Carry a Gun**, p.69):

years ago it was easy to dream of wolves  
and wake up your lover  
to show him the blood on your hip

...

## SEX

### From the **Encyclopedia of Indian Erotics** -

(p. 1) Prostitutes should avoid men "whose breath smells like human excrement."

(p. 49) On cunnilingus: "For the sake of such things courtesans abandon men possessed of good qualities ... and become attached to low persons such as slaves and elephant drivers."

### From **Orogenitalism** -

The following is quoted directly and is guaranteed to offend or amaze. If anything above bothered you stop NOW!!!

(pp. 283-284) The final "clownery," and, in fact, the last of the **136 Exstases de la Volupte** promised in the book's [**Les Paradis Charnels**] subtitle, is "The Judgement of Solomon," addressed as a final bonne-bouche to the author's lady readers, whom he apostrophizes as follows:

"Say to your lover - whether him or me, as you may choose - 'Would you like to see me cut a baby in two, by a far less sanguinary method than that invented by King Solomon the Just?' The lover so addressed (unless it be me...) will doubtless exclaim that the idea is mad. But he will be wrong, very wrong. And here is the proof:

"You suck off your lover, as artistically as you know how, meanwhile postillioning his anus deeply with your finger. He spends, he seizes you...and he ejaculates, while you accept deep in your throat every drop of his semen, but without swallowing it. Then - and this is the hard part - you snort it into the air, still warm, through both your nostrils! The baby that your lover's life-juice, poured into you during his orgasm, might well have given you, is in this way neatly divided into two halves, one through each nostril of your roguish nose."

## RACISM IN FLORENCE

Crucified to the tree with syringes through the palms of his hands just because he was a Sicilian in a northern city. Calling him a "terrone" or "sod buster" (in Italian as pejorative a term as "nigger"), they first beat the shit out of him before stripping him of all of his clothes. Non-Italians wouldn't have noticed any differences between the boys - they all looked Italian! The ongoing affliction of racism between north and south isn't one of color, more one of geography. Is it any more ridiculous when color, religion, or language is the difference?

No group is really innocent. Southerners, the "meridionali," call the northerners "polentoni" or "corn eaters." Only pigs eat corn.

Sitting on the Ponte Vecchio, the oldest bridge in Florence, where retro-Euro-hippies hang out playing guitars in order to impress the slightly gamey females (to get in their pants of course). Meanwhile the local Florentine males of all ages do the same. The "vu cumpra" (bastardized Italian for "vuoi comprare" meaning "ya wanna buy it?") or illegal Senegalese, Ethiopians, and other itinerant Africans spread their wares. Bootleg designer purses, T-shirts, sunglasses, bracelets, are spread on six foot by six foot sheets of plastic - the perfect size for a quick gathering of the corners for speedy escapes when the police come...

An aside - There are two types of police I know of in Florence. The local town cops are pretty cool and don't want the hassle of paperwork required in processing illegal aliens. As they approach the Ponte Vecchio they rev their motorcycle engines and honk their horns to give the "vu cumpra" a chance to get away. The Carabinieri, or state police, on the other hand, look and act like the guys who avidly helped the Nazis during the war. I saw one pull a gun on an Ethiopian armed with those deadly fake La Coste shirts.

...Anyway, the "vu cumpra" usually post a lookout to give a signal if the cops are on the way. I'm sitting

on a wall overlooking the Arno when the signal is sounded and the "vu cumpra'" quickly gather their goods and begin to melt into the surrounding alleys. One African about three feet away is a bit clumsy and fumbles several purses and shirts out of his makeshift pouch of plastic and in trying to pick them up spends too much time as the Carabinieri slowly come on the bridge, their butt-ugly Motoguzzis rumbling like the polluting hell-hounds that they are...

Another aside - You've got to understand that until recently the Italians have been considered the Mexicans of Europe (in fact all Southern Europeans have been traditionally lumped as lazy, scheming, worthless sub-human scum by their Northern European brethren). Most Italians have dozens of relatives who in the recent past had emigrated, legally and illegally, to other countries for the purpose of economic improvement. In New York they were called "wops"; in Germany they were considered fit only for menial jobs (and like the illegals in the American southwest imported specifically to fill scum jobs). The Italians thus have an empathic sensitivity for people who have fled their countries to better their lives and are philosophically in an awkward position regarding the enforcement of their immigration laws. "What right do we have to condemn these people for doing what we have been forced to do for generations?" Now that the Italian economy is successful, especially compared to the African economies, they are attracting those same people that they used to be.

...I instinctively step in front of the "vu cumpra'" to shield him from the view of the neo-fascist Carabinieri realizing that shielding him won't work (I'm not that big). At the same time two locals step up beside me (I'm jazzed realizing that we are all about to engage in socially responsible behavior) and we start chatting in Italian about the weather, successfully covering the crouching african from the view of the cops. They rumble by without noticing the quarry. The two Florentines nod at me and return to trying to pick up tourist women. The "vu cumpra'" says "grazie" and I say "niente" ("It's nothing.") Didn't even give me a shirt.

You figure it.

## KITSCH

"LIMITED EDITION BRANDENBURG GATE STEIN CROWNED WITH A PIECE OF THE BERLIN WALL!" The House of Tyrol is celebrating it's 20th birthday of selling fine Bavarian souvenirs. Based in Cleveland, Georgia (P.O. Box 909, Alpenland Center, Helen Highway - 75 North, Zip=30528), Ye Olde House of Tyrol tops its list of offerings with this limited edition (only 2,000 - hurry!) stein topped with an alluring fragment of the Berlin Wall (includes certificate of authenticity!).

## A CHANGE OF HOBBIT

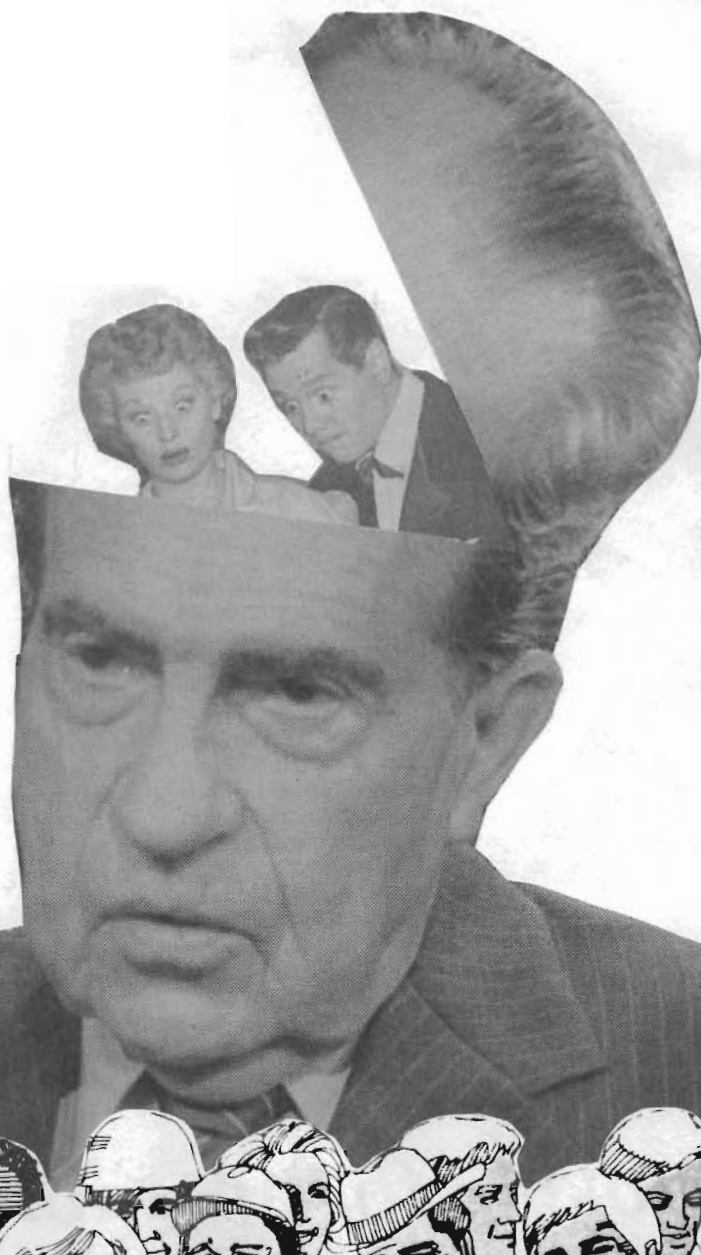
A: Ok, Nixon was evil, Ford was stupid (ignore Carter), Bush is evil, Quayle is stupid...

B: So that means to keep up the cycle of evil-stupid-evil-stupid, Quayle will be the next President.

A: Yep.

The employees at the universe's best science fiction and fantasy bookstore, A Change of Hobbit (1433 Second Street, Santa Monica, CA 90401; ph: (213) GREAT SF) are not your obsequious glazed eyed typical bookstore androids. To tell the truth, there is a definite (yet likeable) odor of the curmudgeon about the entire place. Sherry Gershon Gottlieb, self-annointed "Hobbitch" and owner of the store has been known to wilt polyester leisure suits with a single well placed glare. The Hobbit is a place of business and its business is primarily to sell books within its chosen genre. It does its business exceptionally well. The pampering of the customers is primarily done by the selection of the materials available. Questions (from my personal experience since 1976) are **always** answered by people who are effectively experts in their fields. There is invariably someone who knows where to find that odd 1967 anthology with that strange short story you just vaguely described (e.g., "something about a robot tiger").

Even Rats are Abandoning the Heat  
in Search of Cooler Climes in Homes



**FUGITIVE POPE**





## A CHANGE OF HOBBIT (cont.)

Regular autograph parties are a fixture and a highlight at the store. Roger Zelazny will be in attendance in September, for instance. A monthly newsletter announces upcoming publications. You can leave a stack of SASE's or pick them up at the store. The latest newsletter is advertising a lifetime membership in GREAT EXPECTATIONS videotape dating service. They also advertise as shipping nationally and internationally (send an SASE and ask for their mail-order information letter). If you believe in supporting unique bookstores I urge you to eschew the faceless bastard fascist chains (e.g., Walden - BORING!) and get your F&SF at A Change of Hobbit.

## PEEING

The main drive for learning cursive writing for me was so that I could write my name in urine in the snow. I was real impressed at what my older brother could do ("Nice flourish, Clint!") and extremely envious. At first I tried controlling the sphincter muscle which starts and stops the expulsion process (do you think the name of the muscle that controls this would ever be an answer on JEOPARDY? "What is the muscle that starts and stops peeing?" THE DAILY DOUBLE!!!). Later, I secretly tried to print my name in the snow by peeing but that required tremendous reserves in the bladder because of the requisite large letters needed to mask the dribbling effect. I wonder if sage indian yogis have perfected the control of their pee muscles. Indeed, perhaps there are adepts at creating damp "pee mandalas" of great beauty in the dust of the Punjab. Now, of course, I type everything. I wonder if they make waterproof keyboards?

## DRUGS

Street slang for drugs from UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute Drug Abuse Information electronic bulletin board. Impress your friends! This issue - **A** to **C1**:

<u>Slang Term</u>	<u>Drug Classification</u>
1/8th	Crack Cocaine
151's	Crack Cocaine
501's	Crack Cocaine
51's	Crack Cocaine
"A"	Amphetamine
A-Bomb	Marijuana, Narcotic
A.M.T.	Hallucinogen
Abbot	Barbiturate
Acapulco Gold	Marijuana
Ace	Marijuana
Acid	Hallucinogen
Ack-Ack Gun	Narcotic
Adavans	Barbiturate
Adrenochrome	Hallucinogen
African Black	Marijuana
Agates	Barbiturates
Alice B. Toklas	Marijuana
Amoeba	Hallucinogen
Amyl Nitrate	Inhalant
Amytal	Barbiturate
Amytal Sodium	Barbiturate
Angel Dust	Cocaine, Hallucinogen, Phencyclidine
Apple Jacks	Crack Cocaine
Apples	Barbiturate
Ativan	Barbiturate
Ayahusca	Hallucinogen
B-Bombs	Amphetamine
Baby	Marijuana
Baby T	Crack Cocaine
Bad	Crack Cocaine
Bad Seed	Hallucinogen
Bale	Marijuana
Bam	Amphetamine
Bank Bandit Pills	Barbiturate
Bar	Marijuana
Barbs	Barbiturate
Bazooka	Crack Cocaine

<u>Slang Term</u>	<u>Drug Classification</u>
Beam Me Up	Crack Cocaine
Beans	Amphetamine
Beemers	Crack Cocaine
Bennies	Amphetamine
Bens	Amphetamine
Benz	Amphetamine
Benzedrine	Amphetamine
Bernice Gold Dust	Cocaine
Bernies	Cocaine
Bhang	Marijuana
Big "C"	Cocaine
Big Chief	Hallucinogen
Big "D"	Hallucinogen
Big "H"	Narcotic
Bill Blass	Crack Cocaine
Bings	Crack Cocaine
Biphetamine	Amphetamine
Black Beauties	Amphetamine
Black Bombers	Amphetamine
Black Gunion	Marijuana
Black Mollies	Amphetamine
Black Pussy	Narcotic
Blacks	Amphetamine
Blockbusters	Barbiturate
Blow	Cocaine
Blowout	Crack Cocaine
Blue Angels	Barbiturate
Blue Birds	Barbiturate
Blue Bullets	Barbiturate
Blue Cheer	Hallucinogen
Blue Devils	Barbiturate
Blue Dolls	Barbiturate
Blue Heavens	Barbiturate
Blue Morning Glory	Hallucinogen
Blue Sky	Hallucinogen
Blue Tab	Hallucinogen
Blue Wedge	Hallucinogen
Blues	Barbiturate
Bobo	Crack Cocaine
Bomb	Crack Cocaine
Bomb Down	Narcotic
Bombido	Amphetamine
Bombita	Amphetamine
Bones	Crack Cocaine

<u>Slang Term</u>	<u>Drug Classification</u>
Boo	Marijuana
Botray	Crack Cocaine
Boubou	Crack Cocaine
Boulder	Crack Cocaine
Boy	Narcotic
Brick	Crack Cocaine, Marijuana
Bubble Gum	Crack Cocaine
Bufotenine	Hallucinogen
Bullion	Crack Cocaine
Bump	Crack Cocaine
Bush	Marijuana
Butt Darts	Narcotic
Buttons	Hallucinogen
C	Cocaine
C & H	Cocaine, Narcotic
C-Game	Cocaine
C.S.	Marijuana
Caballo	Narcotic
Cactus	Hallucinogen
Cadillac	Cocaine
Caine	Crack Cocaine
Can	Marijuana
Canadian Black	Marijuana
Candy	Barbiturate
Cannabis	Marijuana
Carbona	Inhalant
Carga	Narcotic
Cartwheels	Amphetamine
Caviar	Hallucinogen
Chalk	Amphetamine
Charge	Marijuana
Charlie	Cocaine
Cheeba	Marijuana
Chemical	Crack Cocaine
Cherry Dome	Hallucinogen
China White	Narcotic
Chiva	Narcotic
Chloral Hydrate	Barbiturate
Choe	Cocaine
Christmas Acid	Hallucinogen
Christmas Trees	Amphetamine
Chrystal Methadrine	Amphetamine
Cloud	Crack Cocaine
Cloud Nine	Crack Cocaine

Free da-da advertisement of the week!

From SPIN, August 1990, p. 69.

# Angelo

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90's  
AWAITS

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First in a continuing series of socially responsible ads given free space in the POPE. Forget "Menudo Mania" and embrace "Angelo Mania!"

## Sources

On the cover:        Enlarged detail of etched portrait of  
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**TO:**